

Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. 2.

BISMARCK, D. T., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1874.

NO. 19.

The Bismarck Tribune.

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THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE CO.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers finding an X following their names will understand that the term for which they have paid their subscriptions will expire with the next number, and unless the subscription is renewed the paper will be discontinued. This rule applies to all, and is adopted, not because we are afraid to trust our subscribers, but because it is found to be the plan most satisfactory to the general subscriber, and more convenient for us.
Postmasters are authorized to act as our agents, retaining a commission of 15 per cent.—or 25 cents for each yearly subscription.

Bismarck Business Directory.

Advertisements inserted under this head, two lines or less, per annum, \$5.00; additional lines at \$2.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE—a live western newspaper, published by the Bismarck Tribune Company at \$2.50 per year.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO., Bankers. Interest allowed on time deposits. Exchange bought and sold, &c.

BEAL & PETERSON, Gun and Lock Smiths.

JAMES DOUGLAS & CO.—Heavy and Shelf Hardware, Tinware, &c.

ECKFORD & RYAN, Merchant Tailors. Clothing and God's Furnishing Goods.

J. P. FORSTER—Restaurant. Board by the day or week, fresh Oysters, &c.

W. H. STIMPSON—Books, Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines, &c.

JAMES TULLOCH—Newspapers, Magazines and Stationery.

STEARNS & LOUIS—House and Sign Painting.

FRED STRAUSS, Jeweller. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

U. S. LAND OFFICE—Peter Mantor, Register, E. M. Brown, Receiver.

REAL ESTATE—C. A. Lonsberry & Co. Farms and Village Property. Money put where it will do the most good.

MILLINERY—Mrs. C. Gager & Co.—Ladies' Furnishing Goods, Dress Making, &c.

J. W. FISHER—Sewing Machines for sale or rent. Sewing Machine Extra, &c.

GENERAL SUPPLIES.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO. A full line of supplies, Dry Goods, Clothing, &c. Wholesale and Retail.

J. A. McLEAN—Heavy stock Groceries, extensive assortment Clothing, well selected Dry Goods, &c.

CLARK & BILL—Full line of supplies, Dry Goods Clothing, &c.

CLOTHING.—J. W. Watson & Bro.—Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c.

J. F. REARDON—Groceries, Provisions, Liquors and Cigars.

KAUFFMANN & CO.—Provisions, Vegetables, Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

MEAT MARKETS, &c.

BROWNING & WINGROSE—Meats, fresh and cured, Eggs, Vegetables, &c.

N. P. CLARK—Fresh Meats, Ham, Bacon, Eggs, Butter, Grain, Feed, Potatoes, &c.

BAKERIES.

JOHN EGIN—City Bakery. Bread, Flies, &c.

PETER WALKER & CO.—Fresh Bread, Cakes, Flies. Fresh Oysters in every style, at all hours of the day and night. Baked Pork and Beans every Sunday.

DRUG STORES.

DUNN & CO.—Full assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes, Cigars, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

MARSHALL & CAMPBELL—Full line of sale work. Boots and Shoes made to order. Gloves.

O. MEYER—Boots and Shoes to order. Repairs.

SAMPLE ROOMS, &c.

ST. LOUIS LIQUOR STORE—J. D. Wakeman. Best imported goods in the market. Bourbon, Cigars, &c. at wholesale and retail. Sample rooms and Billiard Hall. Billiard room at street end.

JOHN MAON—Wholesale Wine, Cigars, &c. at wholesale and retail. Billiard Hall. An elegant place.

WHITE & DICKER—Pure Liquors, choice Cigars, Billiard. Next door to Capitol Hotel.

P. BROUSSEAU—Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

M. HORTON & CO.—Fine imported Cigars, Liquors, &c.

S. O'CONNELL—Liquors and Cigars.

FRONT AND LAST CHANCE—George Bridges, Proprietor. Next door to Bismarck Hotel, Club Room.

MESERVE & CO.—"Stock Exchange." Best Liquors and Cigars.

REED & GOULD—Liquors, Cigars, Music. Fine hall for dancing.

ASA FISHER—Billiard Hall, Imported Wines, Liquors, Ale, &c.

M. McLEAR—Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

HOTELS.

CAPITOL HOTEL—R. R. Marsh & Co., Proprietors.

BISMARCK HOTEL—R. Connelly, Proprietor.

DAKOTA HOUSE—Thomas McGowan, Proprietor.

MERCHANT'S HOTEL—L. Griffin, Proprietor.

BARBERS.

CHRIS. HEHL—King of Barbers, and Imperial Bath Rooms.

W. H. H. COMER—Empire Shaving Hall and Bath Rooms.

J. M. ROSIER—Shaving, Shampooing, &c.

BLACKSMITHING.

GEO. G. GIBBS—Wagon Making and Blacksmithing.

THOMAS WELCH—Blacksmithing in all its branches.

JAMES SOUTER—Blacksmithing, &c.

PHYSICIANS.

B. F. SLAUGHTER—Physician and Surgeon.

H. R. PORTER—Physician and Surgeon.

LAWYERS.

DELMATER & FLANNERY—Lawyers, Tribune Block. County Attorney's office.

E. A. WILLIAM—Lawyer, Third St. Deputy U. S. Attorney.

JOHN A. STOEYELL—Lawyer, Fourth St.

H. M. DAVIS—Lawyer and City Justice, Third Street.

THOMAS VAN ETTEN—Lawyer and U. S. Court Commissioner, Main St.

LIVERY.

CHAS. McCARTY—Livery, Sale and Feed Stable First Class Rigs.

JOHN OSTLAND—Livery and Feed Stable. Rear of Bailey House.

Bismarck Tribune!

THE

LIVELIEST,

NEWSIEST,

MOST POPULAR

Weekly Paper in the Northwest, will be furnished One Year for

TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

together with the Tribune's

CUSTER CHROMO,

a magnificent Chromo-Lithograph of this Popular Cavalry Commander. The Chromo alone is worth the money, and was manufactured specially for the Tribune, at an expense of several hundred dollars, by Starbridge & Co., Cincinnati, the well-known Chromo Publishers.

The TRIBUNE will contain not only all of the news of the day, but the latest and most reliable reports concerning the

BLACK HILLS

AND THE WONDERFUL

GOLD DISCOVERIES!

which have recently been made by Custer's Black Hills expedition to that hitherto unknown region. This is important, as Bismarck is the nearest point to the Black Hills, and will be the point where expeditions will start. From Bismarck to the Black Hills there is a direct and well-marked trail, made by the return of Custer's expedition.
The Tribune is the only weekly newspaper in the United States which sent a Special Correspondent with Custer's expedition.

It is the only weekly in the United States which publishes FULL

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES,

giving the LATEST NEWS up to the time of going to press, together with the News of the Week, condensed and put in an

ATTRACTIVE FORM.

The Philadelphia Ledger, in speaking of this Popular Newspaper, says: "The Bismarck Tribune, a weekly newspaper published at Bismarck, Dakota Territory, has just completed its first year's existence. It is a bright and remarkably well-edited sheet, and would compare favorably with many of the more pretentious journals of the Atlantic coast. It is one of the marvels of American journalism, how such a neatly printed and ably conducted news sheet comes from the midst of a territory which a year ago was inhabited only by Indians and wild animals."

All Postmasters and News Agents are authorized to act as our agents, retaining for their services the usual commission.

Subscriptions sent direct should be addressed to the Bismarck Tribune Company, Bismarck, D. T.

TELEGRAMS

Reported Specially for the Bismarck Tribune.

\$50,000 STOLEN.

Robbery of the American Express in Cincinnati.

COAL MINERS DESPERATE.

Politics—Earthquake—Court Martial—Indians—Cold Weather—Miscellaneous News.

DARING EXPRESS ROBBERY.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 17.—The American Express office was robbed last Sunday of a Chicago safe, containing about \$50,000. Abe Monroe, messenger, sent the watchman out for cigars, and just after, a large trunk was left by two men. The watchman returning, the men carried the trunk away, saying that they had brought it to the wrong office. During the absence of the watchman the messenger had put the money in the trunk. Monroe and George Black arrested. Black, who helped carry the trunk out, is the son of a Cincinnati lawyer. The third party, whose name is unknown, was arrested in Chicago. No clue to the whereabouts of the money has been discovered.

CATHOLIC PRIEST GIVES BAIL.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—Father Gerde-mann was arrested on a charge of embezzlement, and prominent members of the Y. M. C. A. furnished bail.

PACIFIC MAIL AGENT ASSAULTED.

The striking Long Shore laborers attacked the agent of the Pacific Mail Company with stones, seriously injuring him; they also dispersed the Italian workmen with clubs and stones. The riot was quelled by the police.

EXECUTION POSTPONED.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—President Grant has requested the Governor of Texas to postpone Santana's execution. He thinks he did not violate his parole.

THE ARKANSAS MUDDLE.

The reports from Arkansas are conflicting, but the weight of the evidence is that Smith, Lt. Governor under Baxter, has few backers in his attempt to oust Gov. Garland, and that the reports of numerous arrests of Smith's adherents are without foundation. Smith expects a decision from the President on his appeal to-day. At the cabinet meeting to-day it was decided that a petition must state the facts in order to come before them, and to take no notice of the appeal to the President by Smith, who claims to be Governor of Arkansas.

EARTHQUAKE IN CHILI.

PANAMA, Nov. 17.—A heavy earthquake occurred in Chili on the night of the 26th ultimo, of thirty seconds duration. Direction east to west. During the following week a slight shock was felt. Considerable damage was done to stone walls, docks and buildings in Valparaiso and Santiago. A quick rise in the thermometer was noticed immediately after the heavy shake.

COURT-MARTIAL.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 17.—Gen. Morrow has ordered Lt. Hodgson under arrest, to be tried by court-martial for cutting telegraph wires, and ingreave for overstepping duty in making arrests, and the treatment of prisoners.

KENTUCKY ELECTIONS.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 17.—White, the Republican nominee for congressman in the Mountain District, is elected.

PACKET SUNK—LOSS OF LIFE.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 17.—The lower coast packet, Empire, was sunk at the levee last night. She was loaded with sugar and molasses. She is supposed to have broken in two. Thirty or more lives were lost, including four children of Capt. Jeanfrau, who saved his wife and baby.

INDIANS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 17.—Dispatches from McClellan Creek say that a party of Cheyennes were recently repulsed by Capt. Farnsworth, and in their flight were again encountered by one hundred cavalry and infantry under Lt. Frank D. Baldwin. After a five hours' fight the Indians fled in all directions, losing their entire outfit. They left behind two little white girls named German, whose parents and oldest sister were massacred in Kansas while the family were moving to Colorado. Two other sisters, 13 and 15 years old, are still in the hands of the Indians who are being pursued toward Staked Plains by fresh picked troops.

The main bodies of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes are leaving Staked Plains, the former trying to get to the reservations, and the latter going to the mountains.

Gen. Auger takes one more trip into Staked Plains, between the head of Brazos and Red Rivers. On his last scout he had two skirmishes, capturing the Indian camps, together with the women and children.

FOSSIL HUNTING DIFFICULTIES.

FORT LARAMIE, Nov. 18.—Red Cloud advises of the 14th state that Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, had been detained by the Indians, they objecting to his visiting the fossil region. They claim that the white man is hunting for gold and not for bones, but gave a reluctant consent on his promising to look for bones only. The Indians engaged as guides are afraid to go until consent is more cordial.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT.

Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, is at Red Cloud to examine the fossil beds recently discovered. The Indians object and think he wants gold, and threaten to kill the Indians who were to go as guides. The Indians threatened, insist that he must go, to show that they are not afraid. He will probably be allowed to go.

GRASSHOPPER SUFFERERS.

OMAHA, Nov. 18.—The meagre news from the grasshopper district confirm previous accounts of the suffering among the inhabitants. Gen. Ord is instructed from Washington to ascertain what amount of men's clothing is needed.

BORDER THIEVES.

GALVESTON, Nov. 18.—The Mexican border thieves are still operating. Forty-one head of cattle run across within the corporate limits of Brownsville were recaptured in Matamoros to day.

SMALL POX.

is prevailing here and at Coruna.

COLD WEATHER.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 18.—Freezing cold weather here this morning. The ground is frozen solid, but no snow. The last boat left Monday; the river is nearly closed.

MURDERERS ARRESTED.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 18.—Anthony Krell and wife, of St. Anthony, were arrested yesterday, charged with the murder of William Daily, who was found dead a week ago.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—The President declines to interfere in the Arkansas trouble, and Smith's pretensions fail.

It is rumored that the President has invited Washburn to return at once from Paris.

Fred. Grant had a splendid reception last night. The cabinet, senators, officers in full uniform, and foreign ambassadors were in attendance. Music by the full martial band.

William Stickney, of Minneapolis, has been appointed Indian Commissioner.

REIGN OF TERROR.

WILKESBARRE, PA., Nov. 18.—A reign of terror exists in the mining district, growing out of the strike. Three persons were found murdered yesterday, and another nailed to a beam and left to die. On Sunday a newsboy was found murdered, and others waylaid and seriously injured.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—Cold heavy frosts and snow. Wheat market improving.

Those forty-four toppers in Rockford, Illinois, whose names have been written on a black list and furnished to the barkeepers as the names of men who "cannot be trusted alone with a bottle of whisky" are having a dry time of it; the drought is said to be fearful.

Young man, you feel a superiority to the whole human race, as you stand at the altar with your young bride. A few short years, a few whiskers of broom handles an untimely stoppage or two of waited fat iron, and your weary body will rest under the swaying willow, while some young gallant will bring your late afflicted partner out to the cemetery on calm Sabbath evenings and whisper love in her ear, as they strew peanut shells over your grave. "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

The post masters, route agents, and clerks of the postal service want somebody to invent a word strong enough to express their feelings toward the young people who direct letters in every conceivable style except the right one, writing, of course, or putting the name, town, state, etc. in different corners. They say that "fool" or "simpleton" is far too complimentary, for there is a degree of malice premeditated in their practice of making the superscription illegible to the hurried postmaster, that needs a more comprehensive term. —Yunkton Press.

Rev. George S. Merriam, assistant editor of the Christian Union, says in a late number of that paper: "Every conception of justice is outraged by the idea of an eternity of suffering as the award for the sins of this brief life. To say that sin is an infinite evil, and therefore merits infinite punishment, is a quibbling as paltry as the conclusion is dreadful."

Whatever line of honest and earnest thought we follow, the mind returns to its first position. The first impulse of the heart is the last work of the intellect—the doctrine is a slander upon God! Whither are we drifting? And where now is the old orthodox hell of literal fire?

Col. W. G. Ballack, of Fort Laramie, being a pioneer of 25 years standing, is considered pretty good authority on Western resources, and he insists that there are "oceans of gold" in the Black Hills.

Beecher's Bobtail Flush.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes as follows:

Not far from me lives an intelligent negro lad, who is considered an oracle in the society in which he moves. His employment is servant at a club-house, where he has picked up quite a knowledge of the amusements of the white folks, and keeps himself generally posted on the events of the day. Called upon by his colored friends to explain the Beecher matter, he said:

"You see, its jist like a game o' draw. Beecher, it was his blind; everybody took a hand. Miss Woodhull she makes de fuss play; den dis man Bacon he come in. When Bacon come in Massa Tilton follow, 'cos he had a good hand. Massa Moulton he follered in, 'cos he thought Tilton was a-goin' to be robbed—dropped in kinder quiet like. Den de small fry, them fellers with deuces and trays, they come in, 'cos it looked like a good pot. Massa Beecher pick up his hand an' he finds a fow (four) flush. Bein' his blind, he think he play smart and raise 'em all out—so he raise 'em the limit. Dey all pass out 'cept Tilton and Moulton. Tilton he draw one card, two par, nines and sixes, and don't better 'em. Moulton he draw two cards to free aces and take in a par jacks. Beecher he draw one card. Tilton he feel kinder weak on his han, an' he white chip. Moulton he know Beecher on de bluff, so he jes follers wid a white chip. Beecher he don't look at his han' 'tall but jest go back de limit. Tilton he feel kinder weak den. He feel he can beat Beecher, but he tink Moulton kin beat Beecher too, but he 'traid Moulton get skeered and pass out. Finally Tilton he call, kinder hesitating like, and den Moulton he jes bounce Beecher. Dat kinder startle Beecher, and he look at his han'. He draw a club to fo' hearts, and got nuffin but bodtail flush. Massa Beecher can't play bluff wid dem fellers. Dey eat him up blood raw."

The other evening Arnold's boy and the Chandler boy were sitting in the kitchen, in the dark, telling stories of Captain Kidd and other free traders, when Arnold senior sang out for the eleventh time within the half hour:

"Benjamin Franklin, go down stairs and get that kindling immediately."

Chandler's boy had just got to that part of the story telling how the free and easy sailor before mentioned used to mix his grog in a coffin and slice small boys for flavoring.

Now, Ben, never fancied going down into a cellar at night, and his fears were increased ten-fold after hearing the weird romance of the "Bloody Pirate." So, when he heard the suggestive tramp of the Governor's boots in the hall, he quietly slipped into the closet, leaving Chandler's boy sitting quietly by the fire.

Arnold senior came in, and seeing Ben, as he supposed, not even stirring for the cellar, he walked up to him, and lifted him up by the ear.

"Easy! Easy!" shouted Chandler's boy in surprise.

"Easy?" shouted the old man, completely dumfounded by Ben's supposed audacity; "easy," and he recovered his presence of mind sufficient to kick Chandler's boy into the coal-bod and out of the door before he discovered his mistake.

Chandler's boy says he is going to knock the stuffing out of Ben as soon as the swelling goes down and his north ear gets the crook out of it.—Danbury News.

Paints, oils, varnishes and brushes, at Dunn & Co's drug store

Liquors of all kinds, as pure as can be had anywhere, at Dunn & Co's drug store.

That strumpet—Fortune.—[Shakespeare.]

He who promiseth runs in debt.—[Talmud.]

Progress—the stride of God!—[Victor Hugo.]

All habits grow by unseen degrees.—[Dryden.]

Youth holds on society with grief.—[Euripides.]

There is no virtue like necessity.—[Shakespeare.]

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare.—[Pope.]

The worst of mad men is a saint run mad.—[Pope.]

A kiss from my mother made me a painter.—[Benjamin West.]

The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.—[Wordsworth.]

Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will.—[Cormwell.]

To be seriously religious is to be ir-religiously religious.—[William Penn.]

Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it talks.—[Duchess d'Angoulême.]

The Bismarck Tribune.

Bismarck, D. T., Nov. 18, 1874.

A PROCLAMATION.

By the Governor of Dakota Territory.

The manifold blessings enjoyed by us as a people during the year now drawing to a close, admonish us of our duty to pause at stated periods and humbly bow ourselves in thankfulness to Almighty God for the great benefits we have received at His hands. During the year the people of Dakota Territory have escaped the convulsions, epidemics and pestilence that have afflicted other sections of our common country; the year has been characterized in an unusual degree by order, peace and obedience to constituted authority; while with average seasons the labor of the husbandman has not been rewarded. It is meet and proper, therefore, that we should set apart a day for the special recognition of our dependence as a people, upon the mercy of Divine Providence, and to invoke a continuance of the same.

Now, therefore, recognizing this dependence upon the mercy of the All-wise Ruler of the Universe, I, JOHN L. PENNINGTON, Governor of Dakota Territory, do recommend to all citizens to lay aside all business employments and secular pursuits, and to assemble in their respective places of worship, on Thursday, the 26th day of November, instant, to render thanks to Almighty God, and to observe such day as a day of praise and thanksgiving.

In Testimony Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the Territory of Dakota to be affixed this 14th day of November, One [SEAL] thousand eight hundred and seventy-four. By the Governor, JOHN L. PENNINGTON.

Geo. H. HAND, Secretary.

PEMBINA.

Congress meets in December. The bill dividing Dakota Territory and creating a new Territory from the northern portion thereof, is in shape to be called up at an early day. It came near being suffocated last winter by the woman's suffrage amendment, but thanks to Senator Ramsey, the bill still lives.

The Dakota Legislature meets also on the first of December, when it will, undoubtedly, for the third time, memorialize Congress for the division. The bill should be considered by Congress at once, in order to give the Dakota Legislature an opportunity to accommodate Southern Dakota to the new arrangement. If the bill is rejected, legislation of vital importance to Northern Dakota will be required.

This proposition has been before Congress so long that it is difficult to understand why further time is needed for its consideration. If deemed a measure of justice and sound policy, why not put it through at once; if otherwise, kill it at once and end the matter.

The developments of the past season gives undoubted evidence of a population of about eight thousand in the northern portion of the territory; statistics of the business on the Northern Pacific, and on the Missouri and Red Rivers show thriving commercial interests. The pay rolls of the district courts show the extra expense attending the pursuit of justice under present arrangements. The fact that there is no connection between the two sections, no traveled routes, no interest in common, is notorious.

Not a single reasonable objection can be argued against the division. There is no opposition to the project in Northern Dakota; none in Southern Dakota. There are now no political considerations in the way, and we can see no good reason why action should longer be postponed.

As to the name, give us Pembina. Ojibway or Algonquin are appropriate perhaps, but they do not sound well; the first is difficult to speak, the second is new to the majority. Pembina is old. It is local. Everybody knows where Pembina is. The name will indicate its locality at once, is easily spoken, sounds well, and acceptable to the residents of the new territory—is, in fact, preferable to any other. Give us the new territory and call it Pembina.

There are five murderers in the Ramsey county jail, St. Paul, awaiting trial. Only two deliberate murders committed in that city last week! We prefer a community not quite so reckless.

Hard times and difficult collections are not confined to Bismarck. "M. H. B.," in the *Republic*, gives us an inside view of finances in New York City, to-wit:

There is that desperate feeling abroad that enables thousands of actual bankrupts to keep on their feet. I know positively of theatres run entirely by their creditors, for the only faint hope they have of ever seeing a reflected ray of their money, is in the bare possibility of something turning up. So furniture, costume more gorgeous pieces, lend

more money, and gambler-like try to win back by losing another time. Merchants offer notes of so tender an age as two years and eighteen months. Behold the abject creditor accepts 'em. By no miracle could he get anything now, and in the dim distance a two-year-old note may stand alone. Every man you meet is out collecting (?) and don't dare go home for the collectors that lie in wait for him. The Dutchman at the corner will tell you "de beoples haf no monish." He's taken to keeping books, and it's astonishing what a big book he has. He keeps nutmegs in his late money drawer, and he goes to the "Spar" to get the money for his relays of stock. It's a nice state of things.

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

A Trip From Pittsburgh to Bismarck and Return—The Attractions of the Route—Brainerd, Duluth and Bismarck.

DULUTH, Oct. 24, 1874.

Anyone who can look back and remember the incidents nearly twenty-five years ago, when the famous Conestoga wagons, drawn by six spanking greys, blacks or bays, dragging their slow length along, to the music of the bells, controlled and managed by the jolly teamster who sits firmly in the saddle of the wheel horse and directs their movements with an occasional reminder from the silken crack of his much prized London whip, and at the present day, accompanying me from our present base into the western plains of Dakota, will truly realize the fact that westward the star of empire takes its way. Leaving our smoky city early in the afternoon of September 21st, we are rapidly whirled westward through Ohio, Indiana, and part of Illinois, to the great Phoenix-like city of the lakes—Chicago. Here we make close connections for St. Paul, taking our choice of the several different lines of road that will convey us northward. Arriving at St. Paul, situated at the head of steam navigation of the great Mississippi, you will be struck with its imposing position and appearance on the sides and top of bluffs looking up and down the great valleys of the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers, and far over into the broad and beautiful prairies of the Dakotas. After hastily examining some of the more interesting sights of this young and beautiful city, a short ride takes us to her young rival, eight miles distant, en-route by Fort Snelling, at the junction of the Minnesota with the Mississippi River, at one time an important frontier post, but now somewhat useless, being some hundreds of miles in the rear of western settlements and Indian Territory.

From this point a few minutes' ride takes us to the beautiful falls of Minnehaha, so appropriately and beautifully named by the red men, the "laughing waters," and so eloquently described in magic verse by the many poetic pens of our day. Soon after leaving this attractive spot you are in the environs of Minneapolis, at the falls of St. Anthony, where, within a brief space of time, has grown up a city, the rival of her neighbor, St. Paul, both claiming a population of forty thousand each. Is not this marvelous, that here in the great northwest has developed two important cities with a joint population of eighty thousand people, and this within the memory of nearly every reader of the *Telegraph*? A visit to the numerous saw mills, flouring mills, woolen mills, etc., all propelled by the power nature has provided on the Mississippi, on the falls of St. Anthony, and you can very readily comprehend where they derived, and what has caused this rapid development. I will not detain you with any statistics of their manufactures or their commerce, but will merely state that here is a city that exports four thousand barrels of flour per day, and less than twenty years ago I shipped flour and provisions from the neighboring State of Iowa, to feed her then sparse and infant population.

Returning to St. Paul, we take passage by railroad, and in a few hours we are whirled through a somewhat unsettled country, partly wooded and partly unbroken prairie, with an occasional miniature lake in view, with the wild ducks, wild geese, and the majestic swan playing upon their waters. In a few hours we reach the head of the great chain of lakes, where invitingly sits Duluth, the embryo city of the great northwest. It is true, that she is now in her swaddling clothes and in mourning, evidently bathed in tears; grief and despondency depicted in her very countenance; but I say to her, take cheer, be patient. It is true you are now in your weeds, and as you look out upon the broad silvery waters of the lake in your front, all looks dreary, lifeless, hopeless. The seagulls and water fowls may for a time hold high carnival, but the events of time, through the natural course of trade, will carry you out of the slough of despond. You will throw off the habiliments of mourning, don the attire of progress and defiantly assert and maintain your position as head mistress of the lakes. It is impossible to change great highways and currents, once fixed by the Great Creator of all things. Your position is impregnable; you not only stand at the head of the most expansive and extensive inter-lake water-course known in the geography of worlds, but you eddy

under the greatest succession of water falls known on the American continent. At present they remain unobstructed as formed by nature, but time and enterprise will utilize them to the various arts and uses of man.

The St. Louis river, which pours over these falls, takes its rise far up in the North British Territories and commands the largest and most extensive undeveloped lumber regions of the United States and British possessions. At Duluth we took passage on the Northern Pacific Railroad for Bismarck, in Dakota Territory, about 450 miles west of Lake Superior. For the first 115 miles the road traverses an undulating and tolerably thickly wooded country, generally of small and light growth, but well adapted and hereafter useful to the settlers on the vast prairies westward. We pass numerous small lakes, which look inviting, particularly to the fisherman and hunter. The first important place we strike is Brainerd, at the crossing of the Mississippi river. It is beautifully situated on the banks of that river, amidst the native forest and evergreen trees. The railroad company have erected extensive shops at this point, which add to the business and importance of the place. After leaving Brainerd, and some twenty miles westward, we strike the beautiful prairies, well watered and generally sufficiently wooded for domestic purposes. We still pursue our way westward through a beautiful prairie country, stopping at the various towns, all making more or less progress. The country through which we pass is gradually coming under the control of the plow of the husbandman. In the evening we reach the Red River of the North, which is the dividing line between the State of Minnesota and the Territory of Dakota. On the Minnesota side is located the city of Moorhead, and on the Dakota side the young and growing city of Fargo. This is the diverging point for the travel and trade of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and the other British possessions. Very few are aware of the rapid emigration to these provinces, and the large and increasing trade of this section of country. Several large steamers are used in the transportation of freight and passengers, and a lucrative business is being done. The Red River runs north which is contrary to any river I have ever seen. To go up the river you go south, and to go down the river you go north. At the several points I saw the river it was narrow and deep; as large steamers navigate it as usually ply the Ohio river in good stage of water. We spent about two days at these points, examining the country, and it is truly the most beautiful and productive I have ever seen. In fact there is something enchanting about it. I refer not only to the country, but the lovely bracing fall climate. In the latter part of September the days are warm and the nights cool.

We are now 253 miles from Duluth, and resume our journey through the young Territory of Dakota for Bismarck, on the Missouri river. The first stop we make is about fifteen miles west of Fargo, to examine the nursery of young trees which are being cultivated, as an experiment, by the railroad company. The growth the first year of many kinds is marvelous. We proceeded through an unbroken prairie country of about the same character, until we reached the dividing summit between the Red River of the North and the Missouri. The first important river we cross on the western slope is the Dakota, which runs south, emptying into the Missouri at Yankton after traversing the entire Territory.

At the crossing of the Dakota river, (on some of the maps it is named the James river,) is situated Fort Seward, beautifully located on a commanding eminence of that river. At this point we were shown some of the vegetable products of the country. The size of the several kinds were simply marvelous, potatoes of the "Early Rose" and "Early Goodrich" varieties weighing from one-half to about one and a half pounds each; turnips from two to ten pounds each; radishes, beets, etc., in proportion. The yield of wheat is claimed to be from thirty to fifty bushels per acre. The soil is a deep mould, with, I think, considerable alkali intermixed. We see alkali indications throughout the country from the Dakota to the Missouri river, with frequent little lakes interspersed throughout the entire country.

You can hardly realize the immense amount of freight and passengers that is yearly transported up and down this river to the various towns, forts, and Indian agencies. Large amounts of silver ore are being brought down the river and transported over the road, and from thence east for smelting. Horses and cattle are also brought down the river by boats from Montana, to supply the forts and agencies. On the completion of the road to the last named Territory, a very large tonnage of ores and stock will be created. The country about Bismarck and Fort Lincoln presents a lonely appearance. We are now about 452 miles from Lake Superior.

Returning to Duluth after going through a Territory of untold richness and beauty, we can easily imagine a trade and commerce will be created of gigantic magnitude, as the productive capacity of the older settled

States will gradually diminish. This northwestern belt must to a large extent become the great granary of our country. The gallant General Custer accompanied us on our trip out, as well as back. To him we are indebted for much information. That the country which was penetrated under his command is rich in minerals and well adapted for the uses of civilized man, does not admit of a doubt. His miners, teamsters and soldiers, with whom we conversed, fully confirm the fact. The distance from Bismarck to this new El Dorado is about 250 miles, as against 400 to 450 miles by any other route. As soon as the government modifies her treaties with the several nations of Indians who now hold it in reserve, a tremendous emigration will permeate these new and undeveloped fields at the Black Hills. H. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Missouri editor's name is Wufadam. His paper isn't.

"Thieving in the outskirts," is the latest for "picking ladies' pockets."

A philosopher has discovered that men do not object to be overrated, except by assessors.

A New York German sings: "Who tears dem lager flags away, we'll spot him on der snoot."

Josh Billings says that in the beds of many hotels "you sleep sum, but role over a grate deal."

When you hear a row next door it is a sign the mother-in-law is paying a visit to the family.

Stump-speakers will note that the phrase "as in the past so in the future," has ceased to be original.

Another heavy failure is reported in New York: Murray, Meade & Co., with liabilities stated at \$350,000.

A tall policeman complained of a young man for insulting him by asking him "if it was cool up there."

A Philadelphia girl was cured of a nervous disease by attending a minstrel performance in that city.

The government has paid out \$24,284 during the past year for interpreters of the Chinese and Japanese languages.

Poor Olive Logan! They call her a limp kangaroo in Iowa. If she were Lydia Thompson now she would give them a dressing.

A bad, wicked newspaper man announces the nuptials of Mr. Bean and Miss Bacon under the head of "A dish of pork and beans."

The man who sung "I would not live always, I ask not to stay," thought he could stand one hundred and twenty years if hard pressed.

When a Bangor postoffice clerk is short of amusements, he sticks a stamp on the floor and laughs at the fellows who try to pick it up.

A Michigan man has hit upon a novel expedient for getting rid of rheumatism. He crowded it all down into two fingers, and then had them amputated.

Elihu Burritt, who has been lying dangerously ill with hemorrhage of the lungs, at his home in Connecticut, is slightly better, and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Massachusetts had to take a big emetic to get rid of Butler. But that result would have been cheap enough even at the expense of a more severe wretching of the political bowels.

"I want to know," said a creditor, fiercely to Brown the other day, "when you are going to pay me what you owe me?" "I give it up," replied the debtor, "ask me something easy."

An exchange speaks of a woman being in her "primeval" state when she yielded to the tempter. We suppose this is a mistake of the printer, as we have no doubt the editor wrote prime evil.

If a man comes to your house while you're away, and asks your wife how many children she has, don't deem him inquisitive, or a "process-sarver." He's a school-census agent, so trate him decent."

The Patrons of Missouri have a tri-weekly grange packet line, composed of the Savanna and Colossa, plying between St. Louis and Galena, in the interest of the farmers, in opposition to an old wealthy line.

Now is the proper season of the year to get up donations for your minister, and carry him a few pounds of dried apples, a bushel of potatoes, and three yards of cotton, and damage his house to the extent of \$50.

Mrs. Muybridge, the wife of the man who shot Major Larkins, is at present in Oregon, and is of course the object of much curiosity. She is but twenty-three years old, handsome, of petite figure, and with "tender blue eyes."

The Queen of England, it appears, has strictly forbidden any participation in our Centennial by the Royal family, or any member thereof. Such delicacy is of course natural. It would scarcely be courteous to the memory of George III.

A peaked-nosed maiden of forty-five summers bit into a preserved peach the other day and the stone thereof dislodged her teeth and threw them out. It took three men two hours with a fence-rail to pry her nose out of her chin.

The Patrons of Bracken County, Kentucky, once a month, carry up their horses, cattle, sheep, wagons and other articles they wish to dispose of, and sell them at auction, reserving the right to reject the highest bid if sold unreasonably low.

"Nobody surpasses me in this specialty," said a Cincinnati girl to her new lover the other night, as she gave him a parting kiss with a report to it like that of a pistol. The astonished youth walked away wondering where that girl got her experience.

Nineteen years ago a Tennessee father refused to let his young daughter go to a candy pull, and she disappeared. The other day she returned, lifted eleven children out of the wagon, and entered the house and took off her things as coolly as if she had not been gone over a day.

A man was describing to Douglas Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage—how his wife had been educated in a convent, and was on the point of taking the veil, when his presence burst on her enraptured sight, and she accepted him as her husband. Jerrold listened to the end of the story, and then remarked: "She simply thought you bet or than nun."

An old man of 60 out west stepped into a pan of milk his wife of 58 had inadvertently left on the cellar stairs, and the pan was tipped over and the milk spilled, and a quarrel inaugurated that has resulted in an application on by the husband for a divorce. That old fellow has lived years enough to know the folly of crying for spilled milk.

A Nashville preacher's little boy was reading a religious work the other day and coming across the word "matrimony," was somewhat puzzled as to its meaning. Turning to his brother, who stood near by, he asked what it meant. "What do you think it means?" was the reply. "Well, if it don't mean h—, I don't know what it does mean," responded the sprightly urchin.

A young girl in Paris, named Marguerite Bellet, who had been unfortunate in a love affair, resolved to commit suicide. Before going to bed she filled her chamber with the most odorous flowers, and having completely closed up the room and covered her head she went to sleep. She was found in an unconscious state about noon next day, and although by great medical skill she was recalled to life, her reason had fled. She imagines she has been transported to the kingdom of flowers, and has become a marigold. "I remember that I loved a butterfly," she murmurs, "but he has gone away."

Cremation is aristocratic if nothing else. It is not many years ago that the remains of the poet Shelley were burned by his personal friends, Byron and Leigh Hunt, and now the body of Sir Charles Dilke's wife has been cremated at Dresden in a public manner. Large numbers of prominent scientific men were present at the burning, and many strangers also witnessed the novel spectacle. The process was carefully timed, and in an hour and a quarter after the remains were placed in the furnace chamber they were reduced to ashes. There was nothing loathsome in the process, and the success of the operation will commend cremation more than ever to public consideration.

A Raid on a Journalist.

An unusually loud and angry contention in the *Pantagraph* office had attracted a number of us to the street, when suddenly, out under his own sign, in his shirt-sleeves, double-barrelled pistol in hand and hair standing on end, as though the devil were after him, rushed the Hon. W. F. Kiter, followed closely by the portly and hatless form of our honorable but short-legged Justice of the Peace, Francis D. Cowles. The Judge held high in the air a huge stone and with a little dog snapping furiously at each heel he waddled after the terrified editor, and then followed in hot pursuit the stout Mrs. W. F. Kiter, and the rest of the family followed her. Kiter's legs being long and "light" the zealous Judge could not get near enough to demolish him with the huge stone, and the nimble editor was about to swing round a circle back to the door when the pussy little Judge, turning to cut him off, was confronted by the furious Mrs. K. before whom he quailed, dropped the stone and skeddaddled.—*Cov. Yankton Herald.*

J. W. Pence, Esq., of Minneapolis, has struck it rich, in Nevada. The \$100,000 gold mine in which he owns a five-eighths interest, near Elko station, on the Central Pacific, don't require shafts, and all that, but they just pick the glittering metal out of the hill side. The mine is now yielding, and Mr. Pence sets it down for \$20,000 per month.—*Pioneer.*

Father Gurdemann, of Philadelphia, who eloped last week with the pretty organist of his church, is reported to have sailed from New York on Wednesday last. A committee has been appointed by the congregation of St. Boniface's church, of which Gurdemann was pastor, to receive and pass all claims against the church. The defalcation is said to amount to \$45,000, of which \$25,000 are deposits and \$20,000 in accommodation notes.

THE VISITOR.

There came to port last Sunday night,
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked, and looked, and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor here in my room—
My daughter, O my daughter!

Yet, by these presents, witness all,
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned to Hope and Love,
And common meter rhymes.

She has no manifest but this;
No flag floats o'er the water;
She's rather new for British Lloyd's—
My daughter, O my daughter!

Ring out wild bells—and tame ones, too;
Ring out the lover's moon;
Ring in the little worsted sock;
Ring in the bib and spoon.

Ring out the muse; ring in the nurse;
Ring in the milk and water;
Away with paper, pens and ink—
My daughter, O my daughter.

TO MISS RUM BLOSSOM.

Eyes, eyes! Beautiful eyes!
Red as rubies of very large size;
Eyes that twinkle with merrily a glance—
Bloodshot from whiskey, or "inde-vine" from France;
How sweet 'tis to bask in the lachrymose luster,
When just carried home from a "drunk" or a
"buster."

Hair, hair! Beautiful hair!
Known as the "curly" or "rightly fair";
Hair that must startle you quickly as a—
Ragged and knotty, and not over clean.
How delightful to "comb" it out, even in play,
With the tongue—or a three-legged stool, let us say.

Nose, nose! "Upturned" nose!
Thick at the terminus, and couleur de rose;
Nose that affection betrays (for the juice),
And tells us the owner has gone to the deuce.
How dearly I love it, that luminous nose!
When from it the odor of Juniper flows!

Lips, lips! Beautiful lips!
Blue as the "rain" they swallow in sips;
Lips that were coral once—now are like ash—
Imbibing "juleps" and "cock-tails" and "smashes."
O, how I long for the ecstatic bliss
Of stealing a full-blown, wine-bibbing kiss!

ONE OF BEECHER'S TALKS.

Telling his flock how to pray and
What to pray for—The Drowsy Ef-
fects of Some Person's Petitions to
the Almighty.

Mr. Beecher entered his lecture room last evening with his silvery-haired wife leaning on his arm. After a prayer and a song he spoke: "I have," he said, "a recollection in my childhood of three kinds of prayer meetings—one was the family prayer where my father officiated, the second was my mother's prayer, and the third was the long prayer of the church. There were two things that always struck me in the family prayers, first, that my father was rather short and my mother's always very long. I recollect we used to have very good men staying with us, and we used to ask them to lead in prayer, and they used to give us a time of it. How tired I used to get, except at evening. Then tired nature had a remedy, but there was no harm because my mother always woke me up in time to go to bed. But my father's prayer's had another element in them; they always broke out in language of hope. He believed in the millennium, when the devil was to be put under lock and key for a thousand years, and I always waited for that part of his prayer.

Next came my mother, who prayed a great deal. She was a woman of strong character, and yet stronger by grace. Her character was developed under Dr. Payson, and his influence was to produce a stringent, or rather hard christian character. At any rate, my mother looked at everything from a very severe point of view. There was thrown over things a kind of plainness and mournfulness. There was no resonance in her voice. Her prayer was a kind of supplication, more like a moan, unless you heard her articulations. I used to go by the room where she prayed for us at night, and the raise and fall of her voice was as sad as the surging sea. I was taken by her to the maternal meetings, where, with the exception of the children, all were grown up. The distance between them and me was about four hundred thousand fathoms. They used to pray about the absence of all good in us; and I never could see where it was so except when I went skating sometimes when told I must not. I do not recollect one instance in my mother's prayer where there was a ray of sunshine.

Now as to prayers in meeting. I remember how Dr. Finney used to begin, "O Lord, Thou knowest," &c., and recite a whole number of things that I don't believe ever were known. My father was a very devout man, but he used to introduce something very tedious about his mode of existence. His long prayers were very long. I always felt when I listened to them like a boy wrapped up in a great pile of bed clothes, all tangled. Formal prayer is as far from being the developed idea of the New Testament as any one feeling of the human heart. When it is confession and supplication it is narrow and mournful. The Scriptures say pray always, and praying always means something more than the mere repetition of set phrases, "Our Father who art in Heaven," &c. The prayers of our Saviour are far more in the nature of conversation. Prayer is the soul's conversation with a consciousness of a best friend—it is high and reverent conversation with God, where we draw near Him and sun ourselves in his light. Men should feel that prayer is the opening of the soul's state before God as before a nearest friend. If when we go

to pray business is uppermost, it is no harm to talk to God about it. If people talk about them. If perplexities, talk about them. In private prayers, the prayer should be kept true to you. Singing is a cheerful form of prayer. One can pray as much as one sings, at all times, in the fields, in the meadows, and by the sick bed. Pray every time the mind opens itself. Let the petitions go out as a waft of the soul toward God.

My brother George was a zealot. He went into everything with a whew. He kept a journal, and would put down how often he should pray and when he should pray. Then as I grew up very much under his influence I undertook to keep a journal. I attempted to follow out the rules to pray by my watch; never less than a quarter of an hour; never less than seven times a day, praying when I got up and when I went to bed, and at intervals through the day. Suppose a man had to kiss his children seven times a day, no matter what he was thinking about. One might as well be a soldier under a tyrant. Suppose a man had to kiss his wife so many times a day whether he wanted to or not. Liberty, personality, variety. Little when you have little, much when you have much, none when you have none. That is prayer. You are not the Lord's slaves, to be driven up to prayers. You are not bound to pray when you don't feel like praying.—N. Y. Sun.

Pistol Practice in Washoe.

Recently at a saloon on the divide, some men were discussing the shooting affray which occurred during the morning between the two brothers-in-law, Fullman and Ward. It was agreed on all hands that it was shocking bad shooting—a discredit to Washoe. At last a Pioche man bantered a Comstock man, whom he knew to be a good shot with a pistol, to go out in the back yard with him and do some shooting, just to show the "boys" how it should be done. In the saloon was a box of eggs, and what the Piocher proposed was that each shoot two eggs off the bare head of the other at the distance of ten paces, the one missing to treat the crowd. The Comstocker was bound not to be bluffed by a man from the other end of the State, so to the back yard all hands adjourned. Each man used his own six shooter. The Comstocker first "busted" his egg on the top of the Piocher's head, which exploit was loudly applauded by all present. It was now the Piocher's turn to shoot, and an egg was produced to be placed upon the head of the Comstocker, but when he removed his hat there was a great laugh, for the top of his head was as smooth as a billiard ball. For full ten minutes all hands tried in vain to make the egg stand on his head. It couldn't be done. The Piocher then taunted the Comstocker with having gone into the arrangement knowing he was safe. The latter told him to set up his egg and it was all right—that he was there. The Piocher went into the saloon, and a moment after came out with a small handful of flour, which he dabbed upon the bald head of the Comstocker, and then triumphantly planted in it his egg, felt back ten paces, and then knocked it off. The Comstocker then told him to set up his second egg and shoot at it, as he didn't want to have his head chalked twice during the game. This was done, and the wreck of a second egg streamed over the Comstocker's pate. The Piocher now stood out with his last egg on his head. The Comstocker raised his pistol and fired. The Piocher bounded a yard into the air, and the egg bounced whole from his head. "I've lost," said the Comstocker. "Let all come up and drink. By a slip I have put half the width of my bullet through the top of his ear!" and so it proved upon measurement.—Virginia Enterprise.

A Desperado Captured.

About two weeks ago a man came into this place and stated that he came from St. Cloud; and wanted employment. Mr. Netser at once hired him to work on the road between this city and Brunswick with a crew of men. This man gave his name as John Barney. On Thursday of last week two men, (we withhold their names for various reasons,) arrived from Breckenridge, and being around the hotel in the evening noticed this man Barney, and recognized him as the notorious John Seymour, alias "Black Jack," alias John Barney, the leader of the band of horse thieves and robbers, who have long infested the northwestern part of the State. The men gave the authorities the information, and on the following day Constable Byers with the assistance of John McElroy succeeded in capturing him while he was at work on the road. When he found that he was fast and could not get away from the officers, he exclaimed that he was "up again for a sale!" He was immediately put in irons, word sent to Breckenridge to the Sheriff, who answered to hold him and take him as far as St. Paul, where he would meet the officer having him in charge. This was done on Wednesday, Constable Byers conducting him as far as St. Paul. Seymour was arrested this time on the charge of stealing a horse from one Edwards about the 23d of September last, the horse having been found in

his possession after it was taken. It is also reported that he has shot and killed several men, and that his last act of this character was shooting and severely wounding a man at Grand Forks on the Red River about the first of September last. It is considered by those who know him that if he gets what he deserves at the hands of the law he will "swing," and at present it is very probable that he will have a hearing before a tribunal of justice.—Pine City News.

Pius IX to an Iowa Church.

A happy thought, at an appropriate time is frequently almost an inspiration. It is to such a combination as this that the Catholic church of this city is indebted for what will doubtless prove to be a rich present. It came about in this way: While in Rome, Mr. Jas. E. Easton obtained an audience with Pope Pius IX. While conversing with S. M. Chatard, President of the American Catholic College in Rome, to whom he was largely indebted for the privilege, the church in Decorah was referred to. Here came in a happy thought. Could he take home anything which the Catholics would prize as of peculiar value from its relation to Rome, the Vatican, the Pope? Yes. Here were relics in plenty, but not one possessed a particular value over the other, until a second happy thought occurred; why not secure a portrait of His Holiness, and by some act connect it with his visit and his reception? The idea was suggested to M. Chatard, who not only accepted it as a happy one, but volunteered to its value by securing, if possible, the rare favor of the Pope's own autograph to it. The picture was purchased—a perfect full-length portrait, done in oil, and showing him seated in his robes of white and crimson—and sent to Chatard. A few days later it was returned to Mr. Easton, with, but the autograph, but his Apostolic blessing upon the church and its adherents here in Decorah, written by the Pope's own hands.

The picture Mr. Easton has caused to be handsomely framed, and on Thursday it was presented to the church, and it will be suspended on its walls, there to remain an especial tie, binding the church in Decorah particularly to their great head and Father in Rome.—Decorah, (Iowa.) Republican.

What They Saw in an Ohio Town.

The following statement appears in the Cincinnati Gazette as a special telegram from Ripley, Ohio, October 30th: Yesterday evening between 10 and 11 o'clock, there appeared suspended between the heaven and the earth almost a fac-simile of one of Raphael's angels. Though not of the full stature of a well developed human being, yet it was almost perfectly formed, and as white as alabaster. The wings were outspread, with arms extended imploringly, and its evolutions were as rapid and beautiful as a bird, as it circled in mid-air. Over one hundred and fifty of our best citizens, ladies and gentlemen, were witnesses of this singular spectacle, and gazed with admiration and awe. The testimony of all who were fortunate enough to behold it is that there was indisputable evidence that it was not a female, although the form was as delicately moulded and the limbs as perfectly rounded as the most perfect Eve that ever came from under the chisel of an artist. Probably it can be explained by some of the scientists.

Lieutenant Colonel James P. Roy, United States Army.

Lieutenant Colonel James P. Roy, United States Army, died at half-past two o'clock on Saturday, 24th inst., of gout in the stomach, at his residence, North Charles street, Baltimore, in the forty-seventh year of his age. He was born in London, England, on April 30, 1828, graduated at West point in 1849 and entered the United States Army as brevet second lieutenant of the Eighth infantry on July 1, 1848. He was promoted to second lieutenant, Second infantry, on the 31st of August, 1850; to first lieutenant March 30, 1855; to captain May 14, 1867; was promoted to major in the Sixth United States infantry and to lieutenant colonel Fifteenth United States infantry in June, 1874, while in command of Fort Columbus, New York. Colonel Roy had been on leave of absence, owing to temporary illness. He was suddenly attacked with the gout, which soon involved the heart. He grew worse from that moment, and suffered intense pain, being unconscious toward the last. His remains were sent to Richmond, Va., under an escort of soldiers from Fort McHenry. Colonel Roy was an accomplished, genial gentleman, and had gained honorable distinction in his profession.

The Louisville Commercial, of the 23d, says: The Grand Lodge of Kentucky in voting yesterday the magnificent sum of \$78,000 to the Masonic Widows and Orphan's Home, did something unexampled in the history of Masonry. We do not know that the world can show another Masonic institution equal in all respects to the one here, but we are very certain that the world cannot produce another act of such magnificent liberality on the part of any Masonic body as illustrated the proceedings of the Kentucky Grand Lodge.

A Strange Clock.

A strange clock is said to have once belonged to a Hindoo prince. In front of the clock's disk was a gong swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full numbers of parts necessary to constitute twelve perfect bodies; but all lay heaped together in apparent confusion.

When the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part coming to part with a quick click; and, when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet and walking up to the gong, struck one blow. This being done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and at the hour of noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up, and marching to the gong, struck, one after another, his blow, making twelve in all; then returning, fell to pieces as before.

Mrs. Hooper in one of her recent Paris letters gives the following incident, showing how an ill-mannered English woman came to grief in Rome: "Her abuse was levelled at Americans, and one particular one who happened to be standing in front of her and obstructing her view in the Sistine Chapel. At last the English woman was so wrought up as to pull the dress of the supposed American to make her sit down, when she turned round and dealt her tormentor a smart slap in the face, pouring forth at the same time a volley of abuse in purest French, much to the amusement of the quiet American spectator of the scene, who, when narrating the story to me added, 'it was very wrong of the French woman thus to assault her adversary, but I was very glad that she did.'"

Mr. John Brown, Sr., father of Mark Brown and E. Quire Brown, terminated this earthly life very suddenly on last Sabbath. He was visiting at his son's house, and while engaged in conversation with his children, he took a fit of coughing, and hemorrhage set in, and he died in three minutes afterwards.—Elk Point Courier.

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5w13

Bank of Bismarck.

RECEIVES DEPOSITS SUBJECT TO SIGHT
DRAFTS—INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME
DEPOSITS—EASTERN EXCHANGE
BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Collections Made & Promptly Remitted.

JAS. W. RAYMOND & CO.

Fred. Strauss,



DEALER IN
WATCHES, SPECTACLES,
and all kinds of Jewelry. Orders of any description
will be promptly filled. Satisfaction guaranteed.
1-40tf
Main St., Bismarck, D. T.

BRAMBLE HOUSE,
Moorhead, Minn.

First Class in every particular. Free
Bus to Depot and Boats.

Every Train from Bismarck runs now to Moorhead, and starts mornings from there, opposite the Bramble House.
Headquarters for Stages.
C. P. SLOGGY, Prop'r.

WEST WISCONSIN R.R.

St. Paul and Chicago Through Line.
Running through trains between St. Paul and Chicago, via ELROY, passing through SAO CHAIR, BAKA-ROO, MADISON, BROOKLYN, and HARVARD, and connecting with trains in Chicago for all points EAST, SOUTH and WEST. The only line running the celebrated PULLMAN PALACE COACHES between St. Paul and Chicago. Westinghouse Air Brakes, and Miller's Safety Platform. Day Express train leaves St. Paul daily, except Sunday, at 9:30 a. m., and eight Express daily, except Saturday, at 7:30 a. m., connecting at MERRILLAN for GREN BAY and MILWAUKEE; connecting at CAMP DOUGLAS for PORTAGE, WATERTOWN, MILWAUKEE, and points East, via Grand Haven, arriving in Chicago at 8:40 a. m., and 4 p. m.
Through tickets to all important points for sale by CHAS. THOMPSON, Ticket Agent,
Cor. Third and Jackson Sts., St. Paul.
WM. G. SWAN,
Gen. Supt., Hudson, Wis.
F. R. OLARK,
General Freight Agent, St. Paul.
G. M. HUNTINGTON,
1-47m General Passenger Agent, St. Paul.

CHARLES H. McCARTY, LIVERY, SALE

FEEDSTABLE

Cor. Third and Thayer Sts.
Buggies and Saddle horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.
Our buggies and harnesses are new and of the best manufacture and style and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.
Our Stable is large and airy and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country.
Stock sold on commission. 157

CAPITOL HOTEL,

BISMARCK, - - D. T.,

Opposite the N. P. R. R. Depot.

This Hotel is new and kept in Good Style. Travelers will have every accommodation to insure their comfort.

R. R. MARSH & CO.,

Proprietors.

M. M. FULLER,
Commission Merchant,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Wholesale and Retail dealer in Flour, Feed, Butter, Eggs, &c., &c. Northern Pacific dealers will find it to their interest to communicate with this house before purchasing elsewhere.
v2no7-1-

OSTLAND'S Livery & Feed STABLE,

Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.
My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.
My Stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country. 89-5m

B. F. SLAUGHTER, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon

U. S. Pension Examining Surgeon.

Office in Residence Corner of Main and Second Streets. 117

CHAS. STEARNS. CHAS. LOUIS.

STEARNS & LOUIS, PRACTICAL

House and Sign Painters,

Main St., bet. 5th and 6th, Bismarck, D. T.

89-71

JOHN P. FORSTER.

Main St., 3 Doors West of Capitol Hotel,

BISMARCK, D. T.

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT,

AND

ICE CREAM SALOON.

Confectionery, Pastry and Cake Baker. Meals at all hours of the Day. Board by the Day or Week. All orders for FLOWERS or VEGETABLES promptly filled. 1-47tf

BILLIARD HALL.

ASA FISHER, BISMARCK, D. T. PROP.

OF THE

PIONEER BILLIARD HALL

The oldest Hall, and the best tables in the City, one door below the Bailey House. The choicest liquors, best cigars, and the best club rooms. 1-48m

ROBERT CRAIG. JNO. P. LARKIN.

CRAIG & LARKIN.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

OROCKERY, FRENCH CHINA,

Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses and House Furnishing Goods, 46 East Third Street. Old No. 187, St. Paul. Minn. 1-46v1

J. C. Oswald,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

BOURBON AND EYE WHISKIES,

Brandies, Gins, Wines and Cigars,

No. 3 Pence Opera House,

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

JOHN MATHEIS'

Carpet House!

Carpet, Wall Paper and Window Shades, Lace and Muslin Curtains, 44 and 46 W Third Street, St. Paul, Minn. 3-571

The Bismarck Tribune

BISMARCK AND VICINITY.

Bismarck, D. T., Nov. 18, 1874.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Table with 4 columns: State of the Weather, Air, Wind, and Rain. Rows include Daily, Ave Direction, Mean, and Day of Week.

REPORT OF TEMPERATURE, ETC., FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1874.

Services at the Presbyterian Church in the morning at half past 10 o'clock. In the evening at half past seven. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at half past seven o'clock.

For a specimen of neat sign writing, look at the lettering on the safe in the U. S. Land Office, executed by Charley Stearns. He's a good boy, too.

If you want a No. 1 article, of any kind, for feet wear, at low figures, call on Marshall & Campbell's. 19w 3

Stickney is at Garry. Ask Blanchard where Martin is.

A large invoice of cigars,—the very best brands,—at Dunn & Co's drug store.

Marshall, of Jamestown, did call his dog Jackman, but he don't now. He pitted the dog and changed its name.

White & Dickey don't claim to have the largest stock of "wet goods" to be found in the northwest, but they do claim to have as pure liquors of all kinds as can be had in the United States.

John W. Trask has sold his Moorhead establishment and invested in a truck for moving houses. He thinks that the business will pay at Bismarck next summer. His head is level.

Stationery, letter, note, foolscap, legal cap, initial paper, blank books, etc., at Dunn & Co's drug store, Front street, Bismarck.

The Patrons farewell dance last week is said to have been the finest affair of the kind ever in Bismarck. Everybody was bent on enjoying themselves to the uttermost, and they succeeded admirably.

Hand knit socks, a first class article, at Marshall & Campbell's. 19w 3

By regular course of promotion, Capt. Bryant is major of the 2d Infantry, Murdock captain of D Company and Groesbeck 1st lieutenant of Company I.

Hair and clothes brushes, tooth and nail brushes, various styles and prices, at Dunn & Co's drug store.

The large safe ordered by the County Commissioners arrived last week. Hall's Safe and Lock Co. are the manufacturers.

Parties wishing a nice light boot for the Christmas and New Year's party, should leave their orders at once with Marshall & Campbell. Act on this hint and save disappointment, and choice epithets for the shoemaker.

Friend Courtney, of Berthold, we are sorry to learn has been quite sick, but is now convalescent. The TRIBUNE expects another letter from him soon.

Backgammon boards, checkers and chessmen, at low figures, at Dunn & Co's drug store.

Maj. Sperry, U. S. Indian Agent at Berthold, has been in town for a few days. He reported the Indians having gone into winter quarters, except about two hundred that remain at the agency. No trouble anticipated by the Sioux.

Jack Kale, who was reported murdered by the Indians two weeks ago, was in the office a day or two since, and feels about as usual. He has gone back to the hunting grounds, and expects to catch and shoot game, instead of being made game of.

the price of oil last winter; make contracts or buy a barrel at J. W. Raymond & Co's.

MICHIGAN APPLES, the best and finest article in the city—every barrel warranted at J. W. Raymond & Co's.

IMMENSE REDUCTION in clothing at J. W. Raymond & Co's.

THE LARGEST STOCK of canned goods in the city and the lowest prices at J. W. Raymond & Co's.

J. W. Raymond & Co. will not be undersold.

The largest stock. The finest stock. The cheapest stock.

J. W. Raymond & Co. LADIES! LADIES! Look at the nobby dress goods at J. W. Raymond & Co's.

500 pieces of Ribbon—25 cts. per yard, at J. W. Raymond & Co's.

LOOK AT 25 cent. Ribbons at J. W. Raymond & Co's.

CONTRACTS made for winter supplies of Flour, Potatoes, Sugar, Oil, Apples, &c., at J. W. Raymond & Co's.

DON'T buy without first consulting J. W. Raymond & Co.

Bismarck is not to be shut out from the rest of the world, after all. A weekly mail will be run between this point and the States, leaving here Wednesday mornings. The following Special Order tells us all about it:

Special Order—No. 7. HEADQUARTERS—MIDDLE DISTRICT, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, FT. A. LINCOLN, D. T., Nov. 16, 1874.

1. It being impracticable to cross wagons and teams to the east side of the river, the Commanding Officer at Camp Hancock will furnish a light wagon or ambulance, with four good mules, harness, etc., and a reliable driver, to transport the mail from this point and Camp Hancock to Jamestown. The mail wagon will leave Bismarck early Wednesday morning, and the driver will be instructed by the Commanding Officer of Camp Hancock to regulate his drives so as to arrive at Jamestown early Saturday morning. Upon his arrival at that point he will report to the Commanding Officer at Fort Seward. The mail carrier in charge of the mail will give a receipt to each station keeper furnishing lodging, forage and meals, stating the amount furnished, and reporting the names of each station keeper to the Post Quartermaster at Fort Lincoln, upon his return.

By order of Bvt. Maj. Gen. Custer, JAMES CALHOUN, 1st Lt. 7th Cavalry, A. A. A. Gen'l.

A new stock of boot packs, fresh from the factory—worth one-half more for wear than a stock that has been kept over summer—call at Marshall & Campbell's. 19w 3

If a young lady has a brother, and that brother wears a brown felt hat worth \$2, and he should come home late at night from seeing some friends, with that hat crushed into "forty-eleven shapes," the young lady should immediately seize it, and by stitching a rosette of velvet and some ribbon over it, she would have a hat of the latest style, worth about \$10.

Fragrant Scedent, perhaps the best article in the world for cleaning the teeth and purifying the breath, at Dunn & Co's drug store.

Attention is called to the advertisement of W. P. McElroy, veterinary surgeon, in another column. He has already had some practice here, with the best of success.

If you want a sock through which the cold cannot penetrate, ask for the genuine German sock, at Marshall & Campbell's. 19w 3

McLean is selling an immense amount of goods, and at prices that defy competition. Live and let live is his motto.

The large county sale is being put in place to day. The county officers will hereafter be in the White building, on third st., lately occupied by Mrs. Gager.

Clothing and gent's furnishing goods in great variety, at extremely low figures, at McLean's Supply Store.

Special meeting of Bismarck Lodge, U. D. to-morrow evening at 7:30 sharp. Work in the third degree.

Kauffmann & Co. sell liquors by the gallon at low rates. Orders by mail promptly filled.

About these days look out for a cold snap, says the old style almanac, and the "cold snap" just now causes many a person to resort to many a method to keep warm. That the weather is just a little atmospheric no one will question. The ferry and yawl boats are laid up for winter, and Jack Frost has bridged the muddy waters of the Missouri, and neglects to collect fare of parties crossing. It is a little cool.

Trappers, hunters and traders should remember that Kauffmann & Co., of Bismarck, pay the highest price for furs of all kinds.

Cabbage, onions and other winter vegetables at Kauffmann & Co's.

Hair oil and perfumery, in endless variety, at Dunn & Co's drug store.

Spectacles and cutlery at Dunn & Co's drug store.

Holiday goods in great variety at Dunn & Co's drug store.

A pure article of drugs and medicines at Dunn & Co's drug store.

PERSONAL.

Horton and bride returned last week. Thos. Van Etten and family returned to Bismarck by last Friday's train.

Ward Bill looks hearty since his return. He didn't commit matrimony.

Our fellow townsman, P. H. Lewis, returned to Bismarck last week, after an absence of about three months.

J. W. Raymond and J. S. Winston were among the party that left by Gen. Mead's special train on last Monday.

Williams, Bosworth and Hackett, left for Yankton by Sunday's train. They will probably be in time to answer roll call at the convening of the Legislature.

Robert Macnider, of McLean's Supply Store, and one of the best business men in Bismarck, is taking a rest for a while; he left for Canada by last Sunday's train.

Capt. Braithwaite, Col. Brownson, Capt. Singiser, and N. P. Clark left Bismarck for the States last Monday. Col. Brownson returns about the 20th of next month.

Gen. Custer and wife returned by a special train last Saturday. The Gen'l has recently published a book, entitled "Life on the Plains," from which we may publish extracts during the winter.

E. N. Corey, one of Bismarck's oldest settlers, left for his old home in Ohio by last Saturday's train. He will visit with his numerous relatives and friends during the winter, returning early in the spring.

Maj. Dickey returned by last Friday's train, and, while he did not bring his wife he saw that the wives of two other gentlemen arrived safely at their destination. The Major is a whole-souled, wide-awake fellow, if he is a bachelor.

DIED.

In Bismarck, on Thursday, Nov. 12th, Mrs. ELIZA MANN, wife of Deacon J. S. Mann.

Many besides those immediately bereaved will feel the loss of this estimable lady. Always of a cheerful disposition, her presence in the social circle and wherever she visited, was gladly welcomed. She was a kind friend to the sick and suffering, and was ever ready with tokens of sympathy for the poor and needy.

The church, though not of her own persuasion, will feel her removal as one who took a deep interest in all that concerned its prosperity and success. But our loss is her gain. She died in hope of a blessed immortality. She was buried in the grounds attached to the Presbyterian church. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Sloan, the pastor of the church.

Attention Horsemen!

All those who have horses afflicted with any kind of disease, call on

W. P. McElroy, PRACTICAL VETERINARY SURGEON, of 15 years standing, who has permanently located at Bismarck, and who will treat all diseases to which the horse is subject.

Office at J. F. Reardon's, under Masonic Hall; or at Chas. McDuffy's Livery Stable. nov18-1874-18w3

J. W. Raymond & Co.,

Bargains in Dry Goods.

BARGAINS IN NOTIONS.

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!

BARGAINS IN GROCERIES!

BARGAINS IN COAL OIL!

BARGAINS IN CANNED GOODS.

Bargains for the Ladies!

Bargains in Everything.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO'S.

STOVES! STOVES!

CHARTER OAK MATCHLESS

COOKING STOVES.

EXCELSIOR BOX STOVES.

Celebrated EVENING STAR Parlor Stove.

We have in transit, and to arrive in a few days, a fine lot of the above far famed Stoves, direct from the manufacturers at St. Louis.

Now is the time to leave your orders for Stoves, Piping, &c.

JAMES DOUGLAS & CO.

JOHN MASON

Billiard Hall

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

PRODUCE AND COMMISSION,

CHOICE WINES,

LIQUORS.

CIGARS and TOBACCO.

Cor. Main and Fifth Streets, Bismarck, D. T. and Moorhead, Minn.

PROF. COMERS

EMPIRE SHAVING

AND BATHING ROOMS!

Third St. between Main and Meigs Sts., Bismarck, Hot and Cold Baths at all hours. Special attention given to Bathing. 19 1/2

SEWING MACHINES.

Parties wishing a Sewing Machine will find it to their advantage to call on J. W. FISHER, at the U. S. Express Office, Bismarck, D. T., who keeps always on hand, machines, needles, castors, and sewing Machine attachments of all kinds. 1-431f

W. H. STIMPSON,

General News Agent

AND DEALER IN

BOOKS,

STATIONERY,

FRUITS,

OF ALL KINDS,

PAPER COLLARS,

SOAPS,

CONFECTIONERY, &c.

BISMARCK, D. T.

Strangers and others will find all the latest newspapers and a full stock of goods.

W. H. STIMPSON.

CITY BAKERY.

John Yegen, Front Street, would announce to the citizens of Bismarck that he is prepared to fill orders for cakes pies or fancy pastry on short notice guaranteeing satisfaction with reasonable charges. Fine light bread ten cents a loaf for four loaves for twenty-five cents. 21 1/2

AUERBACH, FINCH & SHEFFER

JOBBERS OF

Dry Goods and Notions

114, 116 and 118 Third Street,

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

J. A. McLEAN,

General Supply Store,

AND DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

Boots and Shoes, Yankee Notions, Provisions, &c., &c., Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c.

FRESH VEGETABLES.

Groceries, Flour, Feed, Canned and Dried Fruits kept constantly on hand. Give him a call at his new and nicely fitted up Store, on Main St., Bismarck, D. T. 1-47

B. Beaupre.

P. H. Kelly

Beaupre & Kelly,

Wholesale Grocers, ST. PAUL, MINN.

ECKFORD & RYAN

Merchant Tailors

DEALERS IN

Ready Made

Clothing

AND

Gents' Furnish-

ing Goods.

Military work a specialty. Main Street, Bismarck, D. T. 1-48

BISMARCK and FT. BUFORD

STAGE LINE.

The Bismarck and Fort Buford U. S. Mail and Stage line will run as follows:—Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford at 6:30 a. m. Mondays. Leave Fort Buford for Bismarck at 6:30 a. m. Fridays, arriving at Bismarck on Sunday evening. Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford at 6:30 a. m. Mondays. Leave Fort Buford for Bismarck at 6:30 a. m. Fridays, arriving at Bismarck on Sunday evening. Goods, passengers and express matter carried on application to Geo. S. Davis, Fort Buford, or to Messrs. Beaupre & Kelly, Bismarck, D. T. 1-49